



Royal Academy of Music,

Instituted, 1822. Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1830.

PATRONS:

HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND STRATHEARN, K.G.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS LOUISE (DUCHESS OF ARGYLL).

PRESIDENT:

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND STRATHEARN, K.G.

PRINCIPAL—JOHN B. MCEWEN, M.A., Mus.Doc. OXON., F.R.A.M., F.R.C.M.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES

BY

H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, K.G.

QUEEN'S HALL

(Sole Lessees: Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., Ltd.)

FRIDAY, 22ND JULY, 1927.

AT 2.45 P.M.

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL:—

- (i) The public may leave at the end of the performance or exhibition by all exit doors, and such doors must at that time be open.
(ii) All gangways, passages, and staircases must be kept entirely free from chairs or any other obstruction.
(iii) Persons must not be permitted to stand or sit in any of the gangways intersecting the seating or to sit in any of the other gangways. If standing be permitted in the gangways at the sides and rear of the seating, sufficient space must be left for persons to pass easily to and fro and to have free access to exits.

Order of Proceedings.



FINALE FROM THE FIRST SYMPHONY—Organ *Vierne*

OWEN LE P. FRANKLIN.
(Henry Smart Scholar.)

RECEPTION OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT AND STRATHEARN, K.G., BY MEMBERS OF THE GOVERNING BODIES.

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES AND AWARDS.

VOTE OF THANKS TO H.R.H. THE PRESIDENT.

Programme of Music.

† FOUR MEDIÆVAL SONGS—

“Hymn to the Virgin”	{ <i>W. H. Bell*</i>
“The Maiden that is Makeles”		
“Mater Ora Filium”		
“The Flower of Jesse”		

(Accompaniment for Strings and Pianoforte.)

(a) NOCTURNE }
(b) DANCE (*Christmas Eve*) } —String Orchestra *Dorothy Howell**

† CHORAL BALLAD for FEMALE CHORUS—“Down-adown Derry” *Harry Farjeon**
(Accompaniment for Strings, Flute, and Pianoforte.)

THE LADIES' CHOIR.

THOMAS WALKER (*Flute*).
FREDERIC JACKSON (*Pianoforte*).

Conductor - - ERNEST READ, F.R.A.M.*

REPORT BY THE PRINCIPAL.

The National Anthem.

* Ex-Student.

† First performance.

∴ CHAPPELL CONCERT GRAND PIANOFORTE ∴

FOUR MEDIÆVAL SONGS.

MUSIC BY W. H. BELL.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

Of one that is so fair and bright
Velut Maris Stella,
Brighter than the day is light
Parens et puella.
I crie to thee, thou see to me
Levedy preye Thy Sonne for me
Tam pia
That I mote come to Thee
Maria.

All this world was forlore
Eva Peccatrice,
Till our Lord was ybore
De te genetrice.
With Ave it went away
Thuster night, and comes the day
Salutis
The welle springeth out of thee
Virtutis.

Levedy! Flow'r of alle thing
Rose sine spina
Thou bere Jesu Hevene King,
Gratia divina,
Of alle thou bearest the prize
Levedy Quene of Paradise
Electa
Maiden milde Mother
Es effecta.

THE MAIDEN THAT IS MAKELES.

I sing of a maiden
That is makeles,
King of all Kinges
To her Son she ches.

He came all so stille
There His Mother was,
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the grass.

He came all so stille
To His Mother's bow'r,
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the flow'r.

He came all so stille
There his Mother lay,
As dew in Aprille
That falleth on the spray.

Mother and maiden
Was never none but she;
Well may such a lady
Goddess Mother be.

MATER ORA FILIUM.

Mater Ora filium
Ut post hoc exilium
Nobis donet gaudium
Beatorum omnium.

Fayre maiden who is this bairn
That thou bearest in thine arm?
Sir, it is a Kinges sonne
That in Heaven above doth wonne.

Mater ora filium
Ut post hoc exilium
Nobis donet gaudium
Beatorum omnium.

Man to father hath He none
But Himselfe God alone—
Of a maiden He would be borne
To save mankind that was forlorne.

Three Kinges brought Him presents,
Gold, myrrh, and frankincense,
To my sonne full of might
King of Kinges and Lord of Right.

Mater ora filium
Ut post hoc exilium
Nobis donet gaudium
Beatorum omnium.

Fayre maiden pray for us,
Unto thy son sweet Jesus
That He will send us of His grace
In heaven on high to have a place.

Amen.

THE FLOWER OF JESSE.

There is a flower sprung of a tree
The root of it is called Jesse ;
A flower of price
There is none such in Paradise.
Of Lily White and Rose of Ryse,
Of Primrose and of Flower de Lyse,
Of all the flowers in my device
The flower of Jesse beareth the prize.

For most of all
To save our souls both great and small
I praise the Flower of good Jesse
Of all the flowers that ever shall be.
Uphold the flower of good Jesse
And worship him for aye beautéée,
For most of all
That ever was and ever be shall.

DOWN - ADOWN - DERRY.

POEM BY WALTER DE LA MARE.

MUSIC BY HARRY FARJEON.

Down-adown-derry,
Sweet Annie Maroon,
Gathering daisies
In the meadows of Doone,
Hears a shrill voice piping
Elf-like and free
Where the waters go brawling
In rills to the sea,
Singing down-adown-derry.

Down-adown-derry,
Sweet Annie Maroon,
Through the green grasses
Peeps softly ; and soon
Spies under green willows
A fairy whose song
Like the smallest of bubbles
Floats bobbing along ;
Singing down-adown-derry.

Down-adown-derry,
Her cheeks were like wine,
Her eyes in her wee face
Like water sparks shine,
Her niminy fingers
Her sleek tresses preen,
The which in the combing
She peeps out between ;
Singing down-adown-derry.

Down-adown-derry,
Shrill was her tune :—
"Come to my water-house
Annie Maroon,
Come in your dimity,
Ribbon on head,
To wear siller sea-weed
And coral instead,"
Singing down-adown-derry.

Down-adown-derry,
Snow's in the air ;
Ice where the lily
Bloom'd waxen and fair ;
He may call o'er the water,
Cry through the mill,
But Annie Maroon, alas !
Answer ne'er will ;
Singing down-adown-derry.

Down-adown-derry,
Lean fish of the sea,
Bring lanthorns for feasting
The gay Fäerie ;
'Tis sand for the dancing,
A music all sweet
In the water-green gloaming
For thistle-down feet ;
Singing down-adown-derry.

Down-adown-derry,
Sweet Annie Maroon
Looked large on the fairy
Curl'd wan as the moon ;
And all the grey ripples
To the Mill racing by,
With harps and with timbrels
Did ringing reply ;
Singing down-adown-derry.

Down-adown-derry,
Sang the Fairy of Doone,
Piercing the heart
Of sweet Annie Maroon ;
And lo ! when like roses
The clouds of the sun
Faded at dusk, gone
Was Annie Maroon ;
Singing down-adown-derry.

Down-adown-derry,
The daisies are few ;
Frost twinkles powd'ry
In haunts of the dew ;
And only the robin
Perch'd on a thorn
Can comfort the heart
Of a father forlorn ;
Singing down-adown-derry.